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OR THE

REAL TOAST.

(Price One Shilling.)

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A
POEM.

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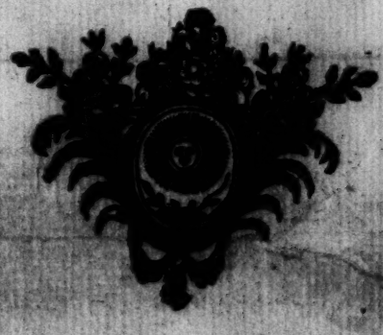
Ipse puer. HOR.



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Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden Lion* in *Ludgate-street.* 1744

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THE *St. James's* Beauties:

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REAL TOAST.

FRIENDS and Companions, Servants of the Fair,
Who now exult, or languish, or despair,
Is there a Cure for Love? Can Physick heal?
Can Reason conquer? or can Art conceal?
Call to your Aid, Pride, Learning, Wisdom, Sense;
Love bounds o'er all, and leaps the strongest Fence;

This Truth I know: Oh! had I never known,
Ne'er wiſh'd for Smiles, ne'er trembl'd at a Frown;
Then had my Hours in Joys ſucceſſive paſt,
Nor had one Cloud my conſtant Morn o'ercaſt.

To ſing the Fair from whom theſe Pains ariſe,
The ſnowy Boſom, and the radiant Eyes,
Be now my Task: *St. James*'s bounds my Song;
To new fledg'd Poets narrow Bounds belong.

Far hence ye daily Followers of a Court;
Ye painted Follies for a Wiſeman's Sport;
Your Looks the Wiſhes of your Souls betray,
You'd fain be Toaſts, yet keep the adverſe Way.
'Tis not the Fop, the Courtier, or the Beau,
Can on the Fair the Name of Toaſt beſtow;
If not one Man of Senſe approves the Name,
How vain the Title, and how dull the Flame;
Thoſe Courts can real Beauty ever need,
Whence Virtue, Modeſty, too oft are fled;

No; learn this Truth, whatever ye may boaſt,
Courts may undo but never make a Toaſt.

Ye Belles, ye faireſt of the Virgin Throng,
Attentive liſten to my future Song.
A real Beauty now the Poet ſings,
A real Object to your Sight he brings.
Be not in vain the bright Example ſhown,
But from her Conduct learn to form your own.

Black are her Eyes, and black her flowing Hair,
Blooming her Cheeks, her Face divinely fair:
Her Shape Detraction of her Sting beguiles,
Her Looks how ſweet, how charming ſweet her Smiles:
Yet not theſe Charms alone the Prize obtain,
Without an heavenly Mind theſe Charms were vain.
Her Heart's not tinctured with coquetting Pride,
But innate Modeſty's her conſtant Guide;
Her Aſpect chearful, innocently gay,
In all her Thoughts ſtrict Virtue bears the Sway:

Tho'

Tho' her Diſcourſe the fineſt Wit diſplays,
Good-nature's ſtill the Ground for all ſhe ſays:
No dang'rous Balls, no midnight Maſquerade,
Her virtuous Thoughts, or ſure Repoſe invade;
But Innocence and Virtue round her wait,
And guard their fav'rite Virgin's bleſs'd Retreat.
Say, vain *Cleora* ſhines in Jewels dreſs'd,
And *Cloe*'s in a gilded Chariot bleſs'd,
If thou my Fair in native Charms ariſe,
The Diamonds darken near thy brighter Eyes;
The Chariot unregarded rolls along,
Thou claim'ſt the Tribute of th' admiring Throng.
Who can like *Bo*—— gentle Love inſpire,
And fill our tender Breaſts with ſacred Fire!
How vain the Task due Praiſes to beſtow,
Too great the Theme, my Skill alas too low:
Could I, like *Pope*, embrighten ev'ry Page,
Or write like *Young*, the Darling of the Age,
To future Times her Merit I'd proclaim,
And raiſe eternal Altars to her Name.

Who next deſerves the Tribute of my Song?
To whom but *B-nn-t* can the Prize belong:
B-nn-t, my Friend *Timoleon*'s conſtant Toaſt,
His conſtant Wiſhes, and his conſtant Boaſt.
How hard his Fate! how certain of Deſpair,
To pine in ſecret for an high born Fair!
Too late he finds his Torment paſt Belief,
And Love the Cauſe but not the Cure of Grief.
My Friends, if yet your Liberty ye prize,
Beware the Luſtre of *Camilla*'s Eyes:
Hopeleſs the Love thoſe radiant Eyes create,
Timely be wiſe, and dread *Timoleon*'s Fate.

. See *Tal*—— next in Majeſty appear,
A Foe like this let even * * fear.
With diſtant Awe we view her matchleſs Charms,
Nor think her deſtin'd for a Mortal's Arms:
Religion only ſeems to pleaſe the Fair,
This good Effect ſhe reap'd from *S*—— Care:

Nay more, by rigid Biſhop Rules confin'd,
She weds a Parſon, and forſakes Mankind.

Three Siſters next the Poet's Praiſe demand,
Each born to conquer, and our Hearts Command.
The royal Shepherd in the *Idalian* Grove,
Beheld the Queens, of Heaven, of War, and Love;
So like their Charms he knew not to decide,
And only gave his Judgment for a Bride.
With equal Charms, and equal Merit bleſs'd,
See *Ba*-------*ns* the doubtful Prize conteſt;
Behold the equal Luſtre of their Eyes,
And tell me Friend to whom you'll give the Prize;
You feel indeed the Poiſon in your Heart,
But hardly know which Charmer ſent the Dart.

'Tis *Ch-dl-y* next demands the Poet's Care,
Ch-dl-y the Soft, the Innocent, and Fair.
Malicious *Jeſſe* ſays her Shape's awry,
But *Jeſſe* views her with an envious Eye.

If once Detraction fills a Lady's Mind,
Eaſy the Taſk, a thouſand Faults to find;
How pleaſing then the Scandal to report,
And make the young and innocent her Sport.

But not the Fair alone our Praiſe require,
The Brown have Charms to kindle ſoft Deſire.
With Beauty permanent, and Virtue grac'd,
Gir-------'s foremoſt in the Number plac'd.
Ye Lilly Beauties quit the doubtful Field,
Let *Ch-dl-y*, *Tal*-----, *Bo*------ yield;
In every Feature *Bo*------ gains the Prize,
She's only equall'd by *Gir*-----'s Eyes;
There both the Maids an equal Luſtre boaſt;
And each the Poet ſtiles, a REAL TOAST.

Return O *Will*----, once more return,
For thee *Lycander* and *Alceſtes* burn;
With fond Impatience, thy Return they wait,
To tell their Paſſion, and to learn their Fate:

Leave

Leave *Lamborn*'s Streams, and --- ſacred Grove,
Return to Pleaſure, Friendſhip, and to Love.

As yet my Verſe a grateful Task hath prov'd,
I ſung the Fair moſt worthy to be lov'd.
Now let my Muſe in juſt Reſentment riſe,
And teach my Friends, ev'n Beauties to deſpiſe:
Beauties, who all their Looks and Charms employ,
To ſnare, deceive, to flatter, and deſtroy.
Timely (by my Experience taught) beware,
Fly far, and leave behind the fatal Snare.
Two Sorts, with moſt Succeſs, attend their Net,
The open Flirt, and the improv'd Coquette.
In the firſt Character, let *Tr*--- be known,
And artful *Stella* in the latter ſhown.

The Weather's hot, and freſh the Morning Air,
Look at the Window, ſurely *Tr*--- are there,
They talk to *B-ud-ſh*, while they comb their Hair.
Loud is their Voice, and rather ſhrill than ſweet,
And fitly ſo, *He* lives acroſs the Street:

Now

Now to the Park, or elſe belov'd *Vaux-Hall*,
Ye Rakes, ye Smarts, ye Beaus, attend their Call.

What follows next the Muſe would fain conceal,
She's modeſt, and ſhe bluſhes to reveal.
Can ſhe their Honours ſing at *Richmond* gain'd,
Their Midnight Walk, their Name of Flirt obtain'd,
Their Windows broke, their Character debas'd,
Their Folly laugh'd at, and their Charms diſgrac'd.
Haſte from the odious Scene. A Flirt is proud,
Vain, wanton, ſilly, impudent, and loud;
From whom all Senſe of Modeſty is flown:
Yet by this Character the *Tr*---- are known.
Nor with leſs Caution ſhun the ſly Coquette;
Once trapt, how hard our Liberty to get.

Learn this from *Damon*'s Tale: When Precept fails,
Example often on the Mind prevails.
Stella was fair, juſt going of nineteen,
Her Shape genteel, majeſtick was her Mien;

Inchanting Softneſs on her Accents hung,
With Skill ſhe play'd, with Skill ſhe danc'd, and ſung.
With what Perfection ſeem'd not *Stella* bleſs'd,
Her *Damon* ſaw, and ſoon her Power confeſs'd.
The Conqueſt pleas'd, ſhe liſten'd to his Love,
And ſigh'd, and ſeem'd an equal Flame to prove;
Then rais'd him from her Feet, and bluſh'd, and ſmil'd;
Thoſe Bluſhes flatter'd, and thoſe Smiles beguil'd;
Thoſe Arts bereav'd him of his wonted Reſt,
And rais'd eternal Torments in his Breaſt:
Her Sight alone true Pleaſure could afford,
He more than lov'd, he doted, he ador'd.

Now change the Scene. From *Flanders* *V*—— came,
Beheld the Fair, and told her of his Flame;
Pull'd out his Snuff-Box, newly brought from *France*,
Humm'd o'er a Song, and caper'd a *French* Dance,
Then ſmil'd, and ſimpering caſt a wiſhful Eye,
Survey'd her Charms, and forcd a tender Sigh,
Spoke twenty Scraps of Speeches in one Breath,
Rainted and mouth'd, like *Garrick* in *Macbeth*.

Enraptur'd

Enraptur'd *Stella* view'd him o'er and o'er,
And by Degrees, admir'd the Captain more.
If *Damon* came, ſhe urg'd him to be gone;
Her Head ach'd, and ſhe'd rather be alone;
Then call'd her Maid, " *Nanny*, I'm not within,
But if the Captain comes, you'll let him in."
What Secret can't a faithful Lover find,
Lovers can ſee when other Men are blind.
Soon as he found how much he'd been abus'd,
He flew like Lightning, and the Fair accus'd.
His Anger with diſſembled Grief ſhe bears,
Denies the Fact, and burſts in well feign'd Tears.
Tells him no more his Paſſion ſhe'd approve,
Since he's prov'd baſe, unworthy of her Love;
Bids him be gone, future Attempts are vain,
And vows ſhe'll never ſee his Face again;
Then to her Captain's Arms in haſte ſhe flies,
And *Damon*'s Paſſion their Diſcourſe ſupplies;
They turn his Actions into Ridicule,
And, Fools themſelves, count him the greateſt Fool.

Unhappy *Damon* cheer thy troubled Breaſt,
Scorn the falſe Fair, and ſet thy Mind at reſt;
Not long thy Rival ſhall his Conqueſt boaſt,
A true Coquette's ſoon gain'd, and ſooner loſt.

From theſe Examples, by the Poet ſhown,
This conſtant Truth let even the Ladies own,
Beauty alone is but an empty Boaſt,
'Tis Virtue conſtitutes the REAL TOAST.

F I N I S.